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LEISURE HOURS AT SEA:

BY

A MIDSHIPMAN

OF THE

United States' Navy.

THE NEW YORK
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Wm Leggett

for the U.S. Magazine & Democratic Review

LEISURE HOURS AT SEA:

BEING A FEW

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY A MIDSHIPMAN OF THE UNITED STATES' NAVY.

Πας το ειχειος εργον αγαπαω.

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's *work* in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.

BYRON.

NEW-YORK:

GEORGE C. MORGAN, AND E. BLISS & E. WHITE.
William Van Norden, Printer.

1825.

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Southern District of New-York, ss.

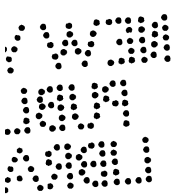
(L. S.) BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the seventeenth day of November, A. D. 1825, in the fiftieth year of the Independence of the United States of America, George C. Morgan, of the said District, hath deposited in this Office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"Leisure Hours at Sea; being a few Miscellaneous Poems.
By a Midshipman of the United States' Navy."

Πας το οιχειος εργον αγαπαω.
"'Tis pleasant sure, to see one's *work* in print;
"A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

In conformity to the act of Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES DILL,
Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.



TO

MIDSHIPMAN J. W. SWIFT,

OF THE

UNITED STATES' NAVY,

AS A TESTIMONY OF ESTEEM AND FRIENDSHIP,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

In presenting this little volume to the public, the Author does not expect to derive either much emolument, or much fame from it. Of the pieces which comprise it, many were written while he was yet a mere boy, and the greater part have been produced during leisure moments at sea. If praise should not be accorded to them, at least they cannot be censured as prejudicial to morality; and when it is remembered that they are the effusions of a midshipman, and have been composed amid the bustle and confusion of a steerage of a man-of-war, perhaps they may be considered as not altogether undeserving of approbation.

The Author does not pretend to be indifferent to the fate of this little literary bantling; on the contrary, its success would afford him a high degree of satisfaction, and might induce him to send forth another adventurer into the world of letters. But whether it be applauded, or censured, or, which is far worse, suffered to go down to oblivion unnoticed

and unread, it can affect him only inasmuch as his pride of authorship is concerned. In either event, it is not probable that he ever will be known, except to a few particular friends, as the writer of a published book.

Should the eye of Criticism ever rest upon this humble garland of poesy, let her remember that the flowers which compose it, though, for the most part they have sprung into existence on the ocean and in foreign climes, are not exotics;—that they have been reared and nurtured by a youth engaged in the service of his country, as a pleasing, and, perhaps, not unprofitable amusement, during short intervals of relaxation from the duties of an arduous profession; and that, if they are totally unworthy to bloom before the public, they will necessarily, in the shade of neglect, soon fade away and be forgotten. Remembering this, may she forbear to crush, by the weight of her malediction, a trifle which is certainly innoxious, and which the decree of Time will inevitably destroy.

U. S. Ship ———,

Gibraltar, 1825.

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LEISURE HOURS AT SEA.



TO A YOUNG LADY.

"Mind, mind, alone, bear witness earth and heav'n!
The living fountain in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime!"——

AKENSIDE.

Let others praise the hue
That mantles on thy face,
Thine eyes of heav'nly blue,
And mien of faultless grace:
These charms I freely own,
But still a higher find;
'Twill last when beauty's flown—
Thy matchless charm of mind!

The damp of years may quench
 The light that's in thine eye;
Time's icy touch may blanch
 Thy cheek's vermilion die;
Thy form may lose its grace;
 Thy voice its sweet control;
But naught can e'er efface
 The beauties of thy soul.

Oh! beauty's but a flower
 That blooms in summer's ray;
When pours the wintry shower
 Its charms will fade away:
The mind's a sweet perfume
 That winter cannot chill;
The flow'r may lose its bloom,
 But fragrance haunts it still.



THE WITHER'D FLOWER.

The flower you gave me is faded,
And the vows that you breathed were untrue;
The bosom whose peace you've invaded,
Still sighs—but it sighs not for you!
'Twas the semblance of honour that won me,
Not the wretch in that semblance array'd;
Now your spells have no power upon me,
For I've found that I worshipp'd a shade.

Could the tears I have shed on this flower
Its fragrance and beauty renew,
I might hope that repentance hath power
To alter—to purify you:
But alas! it is wither'd forever,
No art can its sweetness restore;
And the name of its giver will never
Be unsullied and dear as before.

BEAUTY IN TEARS.

"For beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile." CAMPBELL.

The smile that illumines the features of Beauty,
When kindled by virtue, alluring appears;
But smiles, tho' alluring, no magic can borrow
To vie with the softness of Beauty in Tears.

The smiles that are sweetest are often deceiving;
Too often a mask that the cold hearted wears:
But a tear is the holiest offspring of Feeling;
And monarchs are weak before Beauty in Tears.

There is something in sorrow exalts and refines us,
Its victims to sympathy's bosom endears;
And oh, there is nothing on earth that inclines us
To deeds of high glory like Beauty in Tears!

The sunshine of smiles may with brightness enliven
Our few and brief moments unclouded by cares;
The h nd of affliction will point us to heaven—
An angel of peace, then, is Beauty in Tears!

Yet weep not, sweet maid! tho' to sorrow 'tis given
To remind the lone bosom of happier spheres;
For breathes there a soul that would e'er taste of heaven,
Could it only be purchased by Beauty in Tears!

VERSES,

WRITTEN UNDER THE NAME OF A YOUNG LADY, IN AN ALBUM, SOON AFTER HER DEATH.

This name recalls the far-fled hours,
Ere yet my heart had throbb'd with care;
When round my feet were thornless flow'rs,
And life was new, and all was fair.

And sadden'd memory tells me thou
Wert then beloved, in youthful bloom,
And innocent and happy—now
Where art thou? In yon silent tomb!

We bloom to fade!—we're born to die!
'Tis His decree who being gave;
But Faith exulting points on high,
And bids us triumph o'er the grave!

Thou faded flow'r! why weep for thee?
'Tis wrong, 'tis selfish to lament—
God's mandate set thy spirit free;
Death was the messenger He sent.

He bore thee to those realms of rest,
By angel footsteps only trod;
A seraph-form forever blest
Thou stand'st before the throne of God.

And yet we mourn—from yon high spheres
Oh! canst thou not a balm impart,
To dry thine anguish'd mother's tears?
To bind thy father's broken heart?

Yes, at the noiseless noon of night,
When slumber lulls th' unceasing pain,
Sweet spirit! come in visions bright,
And whisper "We will meet again!"

"Your child hath flown to realms above,
"Where soon we'll meet no more to sever;
"But happy in a Saviour's love,
"Dwell there forever and forever!"

"THE BRIGHTEST STAR."

The brightest star that gems the night
The soonest fades away;
And hopes that beam with sweetest light,
The first decay.

But as the stars when lost in gloom
Are follow'd soon by day;
So wither'd joys beyond the tomb
Will bloom for aye!

DEATH OF ALLEN.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL POEM, WRITTEN IN DECEMBER, 1822.

———Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
Nulli flebilior quam mihi. HORACE.

And on the wave, Columbia's hardy band,
Who've shed such glory round our native land;
Who've borne her banner through the storms of war,
Undimm'd, unsullied, to each foreign shore;
Before the lustre of whose starry light
Brittania's lion fled approach of fight;
That band now mourns o'er many a spirit brave,
By fell disease hurl'd to an early grave.
Their duty call'd them from the charms of home,
Against the ruffians on the wave to roam:
At length returning to'ards their native sky,
Hope in each heart, and pleasure in each eye,
The yellow dæmon seal'd their timeless doom—
They reach'd their country—but to find a tomb!

But Allen thou!—Oh! at thy honour'd name,
The Muse indignant mounts on wings of flame!
So young, so brave---so vainly brave! to fall
By the foul fiends who war alike on all!
Who youth, nor age, nor sex, nor beauty save,
Mock at their plaints, and plunge them in the wave!
The helpless babe and shrieking mother feel
Alike the keenness of the murderous steel!
Or, when they spare, 'tis with intent so base
That death were better than the deep disgrace.

Spirit of Vengeance! wherefore dost thou sleep?
Arise! and scourge these hell-hounds from the deep!
From the far grave where murder'd Allen lies,
Revenge! revenge! his shade incessant cries!

The breeze was fair that bore him on his way;
"And hope was o'er him with her angel-lay:"
The moon was up---and o'er the heaving main
Beam'd sweetly down from heav'n's unclouded plain;
And while his bark swift cleav'd the sparkling tide,
His thoughts were wandering by the Hudson's side;

His distant home in memory's softest hue,
His mother—sisters---rise to fancy's view;
His heart beats high---"Thou'lt meet them soon
again!"
'Twas thus Hope sung---but ah! how false the strain!

He hears of outrage done by ruffian hordes,
Whose savage hearts are harder than their swords.
At suffering's cry he ne'er was known to wave;
His hand was ready, and his soul was brave!
He meets the foe---he conquers!---oh, the rest!---
The fatal bullet lodges in his breast!
He falls! as crimson life gush'd out, he cried
"Tell them I bravely fought---and bravely died!"

Mother of Allen! weep not for your son!
His race was glorious --but too soon 'twas run!---
Yet weep not! Vengeance sleeps, she is not dead;
She yet will thunder on his murderer's head!
Sisters of Allen! dry your tearful eyes!
The hero's soul hath flown to yonder skies;
And long his name, in memory's holiest shrine,
Will wear the wreath which matchless virtues twine!

STANZAS.

WRITTEN ON LEAVING A PLACE WHERE THE AUTHOR HAD RESIDED SEVERAL YEARS.

I did not think to leave this land
 Would cost one pang, a single sigh;
But while I wave my parting hand,
 Tears, burning tears, suffuse mine eye:
I go where ocean's dark blue waves,
 By tempests lash'd, are swelling high;
But memory lingers o'er the graves
 Where kindred relics mouldering lie.

'Twas here I followed to the tomb,
 With breaking heart, two sisters dear;
Eliza, too, in virgin bloom,
 Was snatch'd away, and buried here.

When I'm afar upon the ocean,
Where mountain waves their crests uprear,
Oft must I sigh with deep emotion,
As memory bids their forms appear.

Why did thy cold hand, ruthless Death!
Alone the brow of beauty shade?
Why steal the infant's balmy breath,
Ere sin one single stain had made?
Thine icy touch hath chill'd to rest
Two tender flowers that bloom'd to fade;
On my lov'd sister's stirless breast,
In one cold grave, those flow'rs are laid!

I have not number'd twenty years;
Yet oft at sorrow's shrine I've bow'd,
To shed the offering of my tears,
And kiss affliction's chastening rod.
Lov'd, blighted lost ones! low ye lie
Where prairie wild-flow'rs dress the sod;
Your sinless souls have flown on high,
To dwell forever with their God.

I go to brave the ocean's storms—
 But memory oft at starry even,
Will call to view those blighted forms,
 While on our trackless course we're driven;
And still the tear of deep regret
 To worth like theirs must e'er be given:
Affection mourns their absence yet,
 Though angels now, their home is heaven.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

The simplest boon from Friendship's hand,
(Even unpolished lines like these,)
May oft a prized memento stand,
When prouder gifts no longer please.

And may not in some coming year
This lay arrest mine Anna's eye?—
While pensive memory waking here,
Breathes o'er the faded past a sigh?

Ah, sigh she must! for is there one
That doth not mourn lost hours of youth,
When every voice breath'd friendship's tone,
And every bosom beat with truth?

I go to brave the ocean's storms—
But memory oft at starry even,
Will call to view those blighted forms,
While on our trackless course we're driven;
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Ah, sigh she must! for is there one
That doth not mourn lost hours of youth,
When every voice breath'd friendship's tone,
And every bosom beat with truth?

When all the future, gayly dress'd
In hope's delusive, witching hue,
Seem'd to invite us to be blest,
And promis'd fair—but falsely too!

The fragrant flowers, the sunny smile,
With which our pathway hope adorns,
In prospect glow a little while—
Then fading, leave us night and thorns.

Yet be not such her fate, to whom
These votive, tuneless lines are given;
For her perennial verdure bloom,
And this life prove a path to heaven.

A MOTTO,

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF A LADY'S ALBUM, CONTAINING A COLLECTION OF MORAL AND RELIGIOUS POETRY.

The Muse's gifts are sweet—but doubly sweet
When to adorn the brow of Truth they're given;
To scatter flow'rs round lovely woman's feet,
And deck the path that leads her up to heaven.

LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND, KILLED IN A DUEL.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!—Hor.

Oh had he died in the field of the brave,
With the halo of glory encircling his brow!
Tho' then we would weep o'er his premature grave,
Yet not tears of such anguish as fall for him now.
For the sigh that is breathed o'er the warrior's bier,
Is a tribute of sorrow commingled with pride;
And the eye of affection, while wet with a tear,
Beams bright at the thought, "for his country he died!"

To the spot where the forms of the valiant recline,
In the thrill of emotion what numbers repair!
And recounting their deeds, as they sadly repine,
Catch the spirit that burn'd in the dust that lies there!

But alas! to thy grave we in secret must go,
When the mantle of night has o'ershadow'd the scene;
And while to thy memory the burning tears flow,
We are doom'd to lament that thou ever hast been!

Poor victim of Honour! (how false is the name!)
Thy nature was noble, thy heart was sincere;
But the breath of foul slander had sullied thy fame—
And friendship now bitterly mourns o'er thee here!
Oh! hadst thou died in the field of the brave,
With the rich wreath of glory encircling thy brow,
Tho' then we would weep o'er thy premature grave,
Yet not tears of such anguish as fall for thee now!

ADIEU.

The bark is gliding down the bay,
That bears me far from you;
I would not go—yet must not stay;
Adieu, dear girl, adieu!

My country calls—her clarion blew;
She must not call in vain;
Adieu, dear girl, a fond adieu!
We part to meet again.

When tost upon the raging sea,
Far, far from love and you,
I know you'll sometimes think of me,
And softly sigh—adieu!

Oh! wipe away that falling tear—
Come, come, thy smiles renew;
A sailor's love should never fear:
Adieu, dear girl, adieu!

And should we meet the foe in fight
You shall not blush for me:
Your image here will give me might,
And I'll no recreant be.

But we must part! the signal blew
That calls me on the main:
Adieu, dear girl, a fond adieu!
We part to meet again.

Oh then remember home is woman's sphere,
And deem our faults the offspring of our fear;
Strive to be lenient, not too strictly just,
Praise where you can, blame only where you must!

But hark! methinks I hear some whisperer say,
"What have these girls to do with learning, pray?
"And if we grant them some small share of sense,
"Must they at once lay claim to eloquence?"

In eastern climes, where Moslem tyrants rule,
Woman a pageant's thought, a soulless fool,
A breathing toy, created but to shower
Guilty delights upon the passing hour.
No guide for her points out the narrow way
That leads the "pure in heart" to realms of day;
No kindly spirit turns her gaze on high,
And bids her seek for glory in the sky;
No warning accents reach her from the tomb,
To tell the guilty soul its final doom:
Careless she glides along life's ebbing wave,
Without one hope, one thought beyond the grave;
Or darkly deems, when Death shall close the eye,
She'll sink in silence, and forgotten lie!

But we, who breathe where milder fates control,
Have amply shown that woman hath a soul;
A soul as rich in intellectual stores,
As large, as god-like, haughty man, as yours!
And many a deed to Fame's loud trump consign'd,
Bears noble witness for her strength of mind;
While many a virtue in sequester'd life,
Proclaims her fitness for the friend and wife.
'Twere vain for me in my rude verse to show
What names, what deeds, on Glory's records glow:
Go read them there, where high they stand sublime,
Undimm'd by envy, and unhurt by time.
There Edgeworth's shines, whose pen's assuasive power,
Shall lend a charm to many a tedious hour,
Shall many a heart with nature's lore beguile,
And light the cheek of wo with rapture's smile!
When pale disease hath clogg'd the tardy day,
Who hath not felt and own'd her magic sway?
From frolic fiction, dress'd by Edgeworth's art,
Enlarged his knowledge, and improved his heart.
Go, learn from her, without weak woman's hand
To scatter flowers along life's barren strand;

Oh then remember home is woman's sphere,
And deem our faults the offspring of our fear;
Strive to be lenient, not too strictly just,
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Who hath not felt and own'd her magic sway?
From frolic fiction, dress'd by Edgeworth's art,
Enlarged his knowledge, and improved his heart.
Go, learn from her, without weak woman's hand
To scatter flowers along life's barren strand;

To smooth your path as on through years you go,
This world would be a sterile scene of wo;
No charm to soothe, no hope to animate,
But one wide waste, lonely and desolate.

Remember too, to woman is consign'd
The arduous task to guide the youthful mind;
To rear those tender germs, which, as they grow,
May prove a nation's weal, or nation's wo.
Who nurs'd the patriot-spark that burst so bright,
In vengeful fires, on man's astonish'd sight,
When first arose Columbia's darling son,
The good, the great, the matchless Washington?

'Twas woman's task, weak woman's, to control
The latent powers of his mighty soul;
'Twas hers to guide the giant-arm that hurl'd
The tyrant's myriads from the western world;
To prompt the voice that from the Spartan's grave,
Call'd weeping Freedom o'er Atlantic's wave:
'Twas hers to guide him to that height of fame,
Where in unfading lustre shines his name;
With glory's brightest, rosiest wreath intwin'd,
A theme of ceaseless plaudits to mankind.

Repeat the vows you made me,
Say, swear thy love is true ;
Thy faithless vows betray'd me,
They may betray her too.

But no ! may she ne'er languish
Like me in shame and wo ;
Ne'er feel the throbbing anguish
That I am doom'd to know !
The eye that once was beaming
A tale of love for thee,
Is now with sorrow streaming,
For thou art false to me.

MEMORY.

When Memory paints with pencil true
The scenes where youth delighted roved,
She throws o'er none so sweet a hue
As robes the home of her I lov'd.

Each tree, each flower, that flourish'd there,
In former beauty seems to wave;
I seem to breath my native air,
Mid friends who're sleeping in the grave.

But soon these shades of Joy depart
And present sorrows start to view—
Memory, like Hope, still mocks the heart
With visions sweet—but fleeting too!

Repeat the vows you made me,
Say, swear thy love is true ;
Thy faithless vows betray'd me,
They may betray her too.

But no ! may she ne'er languish
Like me in shame and wo ;
Ne'er feel the throbbing anguish
That I am doom'd to know !
The eye that once was beaming
A tale of love for thee,
Is now with sorrow streaming,
For thou art false to me.

MEMORY.

When Memory paints with pencil true
The scenes where youth delighted roved,
She throws o'er none so sweet a hue
As robes the home of her I lov'd.

Each tree, each flower, that flourish'd there,
In former beauty seems to wave;
I seem to breath my native air,
Mid friends who're sleeping in the grave.

But soon these shades of Joy depart
And present sorrows start to view—
Memory, like Hope, still mocks the heart
With visions sweet—but fleeting too!



But Faith points out your radiant heaven,
And bids the mourner not despair ;
Whispering, " afflictions are but given,
" Like angel-wings, to waft you there !"

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

Still, still is that heart, lovely maid! erst so warm,
And pale thy fair cheek, and thy once lovely form
Is cold as the marble that bends o'er thy tomb—
Thou art gone in the pride of thy youth and thy bloom!

There were friends weeping o'er thee, as death dimm'd thine eye;
There was one standing by thee who breathed not sigh:
By him not a murmur of sorrow was spoken—
But he thought of thy fate with a heart that was broken!

His mind as he stood there had travell'd far back
Thro' the vista of years, o'er life's desolate track,
To those warm sunny hours when his bosom was young,
And when on thy accents delighted he hung.

Then he left thee to mourn o'er his absence, and pass'd
To where flouted war's banner and sounded her blast—
And he thought of the battle-field gory and red,
The despair of the dying, the blood that was shed:

Then a dim dungeon vault next arose on his sight,
Where no voice ever enter'd, no glimmering of light,
But in darkness and horror months, years pass'd away,
Till he wish'd for that night which endureth for aye!

He died not—but after long time was set free;
Then how bounded his heart at remembrance of thee!
To the maiden he loves with what ardor he's flying!
He rushes to meet thee—behold! thou art dying!

He stood by thy couch as life faded away;
With a firm step he walked in thy funeral array;
No sigh rent his bosom, no tear-drop did start—
But what language can picture his anguish of heart!

To the battle he hasted, and reckless of life,
His war-cry was heard mid the wildest of strife;
When the conflict was past he was sought for in vain,
And he never return'd to his country again.



TO A ROSE.

A sunbeam warm'd thee into bloom;
A zephyr's kiss thy blushes gave;
The tears of evening shed perfume—
And morning beam'd upon thy grave!

How like to thine, thou transient flower!
The doom of all we love on earth—
Beauty, like thee, but decks an hour,
Decay feeds on it from its birth.

Like thee the warrior in his pride;
Morn sees him clad in bright array;
He meets the foe—at eventide
Where is that warrior?—pass'd away!

Like thee, like thee, thou fragile flower !
 The doom of all we prize on earth ;
Brief as thy date on summer's bower
 Is wisdom, valour, genius, worth !

Before Time's baleful glances fall
 Alike the timid and the brave ;
One common doom destroyeth all—
 Time thou'rt a Vampire !—Earth's a grave !

THE GRECIAN WARRIOR.

That eye, which now beams with the brightness of mind,
By the dark clouds of sorrow erelong will be shaded;
And that cheek, where the lily and rose are intwined,
Soon, soon, to the pale hue of death must be faded.

On the red couch of battle, mid thousands of slain,
Lay thy warrior-love deeply wounded and gory;
As the last spark of life faintly glimmer'd, in pain
He conjur'd me to seek thee, and tell his sad story.

Where the foemen were thickest his falchion blaz'd high;
Where the death-din was loudest his light plumes were dancing:
His war-cry was "freedom!" Hope shone in his eye,
And deep flow'd the gore 'neath his courser's proud prancing.

"My country!" he cried, "thy redemption's at hand!
"The chains of the Moslem that bind thee we'll sever!
"We have sworn to restore thee, thou loveliest land;
"We return to the free—or return again never!"

"On! on to the battle, Greeks! charge them once more!
"Their turbans shall fly like the white foam of ocean,
"And their shrieks shall resemble the waves' angry roar,
"When the wild winds have lash'd them to furious commotion!"

"On! on to the battle once more!" was his cry,
As far flash'd his blade, and high tower'd his crest;
Ah why sinks that weapon?—what dims that bright eye?
—The ball of the foeman is deep in his breast?

From his bosom fast gushes the warm stream of life;
He falls from his courser—his warfare is ended;

Unheeded now pass'd the wild tumult of strife,
And the name of his love with his last groan was
blended!

He died on the field, unlamented, unknown;
But he died for his country, for freedom, for glory!
There is rear'd o'er his relics no proud sculptur'd
stone,
Yet long will his memory be hallow'd in story.

Oh weep not, fair maiden! thy warrior-love
Hath ascended in triumph to regions of bliss;
Mid his patriot-sires, in a bright world above,
His spirit will watch o'er thy safety in this!

PARTING.

This Isle has grown more dear to me
 Than many a scene, profusely drest
In nature's richest charms could be;
 Because, upon its granite breast,
There blooms one flower, so fair, so sweet,
 That wheresoe'er my steps may rove,
Its like again I cannot meet—
 That peerless flower is thee, my love!

My home is on the dark profound,
 Where storms howl o'er the midnight wave;
And soon, perchance, their voice may sound
 A dirge above the sailor's grave:

Yet not the fear of peril now,
Could move one sigh, one tear impel;
It is not danger pales my brow,
Belov'd, 'tis bidding thee farewell!

When morning beams, away we hie
To other climes and scenes afar,
But still thy form, to memory's eye,
Will ever be my guiding star:
My heart is fondly bound to thine
By ties of love, no time can sever;
Absence the bands may closer twine,
But cannot part them—never! never!

I'll think of thee at vesper hour,
When balmy zephyrs fill the sail;
I'll think of thee when tempests lower,
And Death careers upon the gale:
And still my prayer where'er I wend,
Whatever doom may frown on me,
Shall from my inmost soul ascend
For thee, my love, still, still for thee!

Farewell! farewell! words cannot speak
My grief, to part from one so dear;
'Tis written on this pallid cheek,
'Tis glowing in this burning tear:
Farewell! may heaven profusely shower,
On thee whate'er can life improve;
Around thee bloom full many a flower
Thornless and sweet!—farewell, my love!

HOPE.

en youthful hearts are light and true,
nd all is fair around us,
future breaks upon our view
very bright and pleasing hue—
or Hope's sweet spell hath bound us,
nd all seems fair around us.

ah! too soon we're doom'd to find
he scenes that look'd so charming,
et with thorns, with snares intwined,
t Hope is false, and Fortune blind,
nd dangers most alarming,
Vhere all had seem'd so charming.

Yet Hope hath still her pleasing power,
Although she's a deceiver!
And e'en while storms above us lower,
She paints so bright the future hour,
We cannot but believe her—
Although she's a deceiver!

Thus we stray on in quest of joy,
The dupes of Hope forever!
Earth hath no good without alloy,
And sweetest pleasures soonest cloy,
We soonest from them sever—
The dupes of Hope forever!

THE MOMENT OF WO.

There is a moment of the darkest wo
When the heart throbs, but cannot find relief;
Our bosoms swell—but not a tear will flow
To yield a channel to this voiceless grief:
A living monument with glazed eye,
Upon the earth is fix'd our vacant stare;
And, if we breathe a wish, it is to die—
In the cold grave to bury all our care,
And slumber undisturb'd by dreams forever there!

Yes! we can yield us to despair like this,
And ask our God to take the life He gave;
In such a moment deem there's nought of bliss,
Save in the bosom of the silent grave!

We've lost our all—"the life of life" is fled;
The form we lov'd to gaze on is no more:
Our hopes are gone—affection's buds are dead—
We care not now—nay, wish that life were past,
That we might dreamless sleep till the last trumpet's
blast!

The sun that gilds all nature with his beams,
That gives the summer's warmth and beauty's
glow,
To us the herald but of misery seems,
From fancied bliss wakes us to real wo:
Each thing we look on tells us of the past;
A thousand thoughts come rushing o'er the mind
Of life's young morn—how quickly overcast!
Of joys, that fading, left no trace behind—
Of her, the perish'd lov'd-one, to the grave consign'd!

How many hearts, responsive to my strain,
By sad experience *feel* this picture true;
And live that anguish'd moment o'er again,
When the grave snatch'd forever from their view
A dearer self:—No tear-drop dimm'd the eye—

They did not call in frenzy on her name—
Ah no! they could not weep—they could not sigh!
And the chok'd voice could not an accent frame;
But grief raged in them with consuming flame!

Yet 'tis not long such gloomy thoughts control
Enlighten'd minds—Hope, with her angel-sway,
Shedding rich lustre o'er the darksome soul,
Points to that realm of everlasting day,
Where, when the throbbing heart shall cease to beat,
And the rude warrings of this world are o'er,
Congenial spirits shall in glory meet,
Mid seraph-forms shall meet to part no more,
But in the presence of their God dwell and adore.

A SONG AT SEA.

Our sails are spread before the wind,
And onward, onward swift we fly;
We've left our country far behind,
No prospect now invites the eye,
Save the blue sea, and cloudless sky.

Oh! when I wav'd my last good-bye,
To parents, friends, and Mary dear,
It was not fear that dimm'd mine eye,
This heart ne'er felt a thrill of fear—
It was affection caus'd the tear.

And while upon the heaving main
Our vessel dashes proudly on,
To meet those well-lov'd friends again,
With wealth and honours bravely won,
That is the hope I live upon.



But should some cannon pointed true,
Destroy these soothing dreams of glory,
Affection's tears my grave will dew,
And Mary, when she hears my story,
Will shed love's holiest tribute o'er me.

TO WOMAN.

Oh woman! thou'rt the plague of life;
The source of ev'ry good and evil;
Alike the cause of peace and strife,
A saint, a sinner—angel, devil!

Thou art an honour and a stigma;
I sometimes curse, and often bless thee:
By heaven! thou'rt nature's grand enigma,
And few are those who rightly guess thee.

THE MEMORY OF THEE.

Oh, think not, belov'd one! that absence can ever
Efface from my bosom the memory of thee;
Or that true hearts like ours, when fate bids them sever,
With less ardour will love for the cruel decree!
Tho' the dark frown of fortune hath made me a ranger,
And the sport of the billows I'm destined to be,
Yet, dear girl, believe me, nor distance nor danger,
Can blot from my heart the sweet memory of thee.

When the dæmon of storms howls aloud o'er the ocean,
And the dash of the waves seems the knell of my doom,
The memory of thee lulls my bosom's emotion,
And the thought of thy safety's a star through the gloom:

When the tempest is past, and the moon in full splen-
deur,
As now, gilds with beauty the Isles of the sea;
In the scene of enchantment there's naught that can
render
A balm to my soul, like the memory of thee!

THE SONG OF ROSE WESTON.

"——————— te propter eundem,
Extinctus pudor, et qua sola sidera adibam,
Fama prior."

ÆNEI. 4.

These lines were suggested by that part of "PEN OWEN," where it describes the affliction—the mute and uncomplaining grief of the beautiful, faded, and credulous ROSE WESTON, when she was informed of the baseness and desertion of her seducer, FRANK WHETTENHALL.

They tell me thou hast gone from me
O'er the wide and stormy sea;
I'll not believe the tale they tell—
Thou wouldst at least have said, farewell!

They tell me that thy alter'd brow
Retains no trace of beauty now;
That sin and shame have blanch'd thee pale—
I'll not believe the sland'rous tale!

Thy bloom is gone—perhaps it fled
Quench'd by the tears that thou hast shed
Thinking of her—I'll not upbraid thee—
I am, alas! what thou hast made me.

I would not weep this last adieu
Could I believe thee else than true;
If 'tis a dream, and I should wake
To know thee false, my heart would break!

My days on earth have fleeted fast,
And I have lov'd thee to the last;
Thy fatal love hath ruin'd me,
But my last thought's a prayer for thee!

TO MY SISTER.

WRITTEN DURING A CALM, ON THE COAST OF ITALY.

'Tis moonlight o'er the beauteous sea,
The sky is calm and still the ocean;
Our bark glides on so quietly
That not a ripple tells her motion.

On fair Italia's silent shore
The orb of night shines sweetly down;
But ah! it gilds not as of yore
The land of valor and renown!

Her name is dimm'd—the light is fled
Which glory threw around her brave;
And crouching where his fathers bled,
The hero's son's a soulless slave!

But thou art fair, Italia, still,
As in thy day of proudest power;
Each grove, and vale, and verdant hill,
Blooms as in nature's natal hour.

Thou'rt like the form of one belov'd
Ere aught proclaims the spirit fled;
No feature chang'd, no charm remov'd,
Thou seem'st to sleep—but thou art dead!

* * * * *

The lovely scene, the tranquil hour,
Spread twilight softness o'er the mind;
And Memory, with her magic power,
Recalls the home I've left behind.

O'er ocean's breast I'm doom'd to rove,
And many a clime 'tis mine to see;
But absence cannot conquer love,
And least of all my love for thee!

Oft, in the midnight watch, thy form
Companion of my thoughts hath come,
And like a sunbeam on the storm,
Shed light and gladness through the gloom:

And oft, when sleep hath seal'd mine eyes,
 On Fancy's wings I've flown to thee;
But soon such dear delusion flies,
 And I have waked far, far at sea!

The dark blue waves have been my home,
 And tempests oft have frown'd above me;
But still my heart, where'er I roam,
 Is o'er the deep, with those who love me.

TO MARY, SLEEPING.

Awake not, belov'd ! be thy slumber as light
As virtue e'er shed o'er a bosom at rest;
While the world and its tumults are shut from t
sight,
May the visions that rise to thy fancy be blest!

The leaves of the bower above thee are still,
Lest their rustling should wake thee from balmy
repose;
And even the voice of yon murmuring rill
Seems softer, and sweeter, as near thee it flows.

There's a smile on thy lip, on thy cheek there's a flush,
Disclosing how happy thy slumber must be;
And I too were blest, could I deem that that blush
And that smile were awaken'd by memory of me!



A DUTCH NATIONAL SONG.

A son of Netherland art thou,
 Unsoil'd by foreign chains?
Doth love of country light thy brow,
 And circle through thy veins?
Then raise with us the anthem proud,
 A glorious theme we sing;
Who would not swell the strain aloud
 For native land and King!

And sweetly doth each thrilling tone
 Of patriot pæans rise,
Like incense, wafted to the throne
 Of Him who rules the skies:

Though first to those He lends His ear
Who strike a holier string;
The strain, well pleased, He next will hear
For native land and King.

Oh! with one voice, one heart extol
The lofty theme we sing!
Heaven rejects the worthless soul,
That loves not land nor King:
In his cold breast no hallowed fire,
No sweet emotions spring,
Who hears unmoved the prayer aspire
For native land and King.

Our bosoms burn with loyal heat
As loud our voices swell;
No other song, however sweet,
Could please us half so well:
What holy feelings on this day
Myriads together bring,
Commingling in the choral lay
For native land and King!

WHY I LOVE THEE.

The breeze of evening softly sighs,
To-night, upon the ocean's breast,
And, as the playful billows rise,
Then gently sinks again to rest,
While moonbeams tip each foamy crest,
And all is bright and calm above me,
I'll sing of thee, whom I love best,
And tell thee, Mary, why I love thee.

Thy form is fair, thy mien is light,
Thy cheek wears health and beauty's hue;
Thy teeth are pearls, thine eye is bright,
And as the waves around me blue;

But blush not, for the tale is true,
Far brighter eyes than thine I've seen,
A form as light and fair to view,
A cheek as soft, as graceful mien.

I've wandered o'er the boisterous main,
And trod on many a foreign strand;
I've seen the haughty dames of Spain,
And fam'd Italia's fairy band;
I've been in Gallia's frolic land;
I've been—in short, I've been a Rover—
But all their charms I coldly scann'd,
'Twas thou alone that madest me lover.

'Twas not because thy form was fair;
'Twas not because thine eyes were blue:
It was thy *soul* bright beaming there,
It was thy *heart* so warm, so true;
'Twas pity's drop of pearly dew,
That told how other's wo could move thee,
As for relief thy light steps flew—
It was for these I lov'd, and love thee.

And I will love thee, Mary, still,
 Tho' far from all I love away,
Thro' storm and sunshine, good and ill,
 Where'er my wandering steps may stray:
And when, at length, thy charms decay,
 The flight of Time shall constant prove me;
Till in the grave this heart shall lay,
 It still will warmly, fondly love thee.

THE MEETING.

1

We met, and only met,
Ere doom'd by fate to sever;
But ah! I can forget
That meeting with thee never!
Thy locks of auburn hue,
On wanton zephyrs straying;
Thine eyes of liquid blue,
Where light of soul was playing;
Thy voice, whose dulcet thrill,
Awak'd such sweet emotion,
I seem to hear it still,
Though far upon the ocean;
'Twas these that charm'd me then,
When first and last I met thee;
We may not meet again,
But ne'er can I forget thee.

2

'Twas evening when we met,
By Arno's rippling billow—
(In dreams I see thee yet
Whene'er I press my pillow;)
It was a lovely night,
The balmy breeze was sighing,
And heaven's sweetest light
On tower and stream was lying:
When in some thicket's shade
His vows the lover's telling,
Like breast of listening maid,
The playful waves were swelling—
We met—and only met
Ere doom'd by fate to sever;
But ah! I can forget
That meeting with thee never!

TO MYRA.

Nusquam tuta fides———

VIRG. ÆNEI. lib. 4.

Thou dost not love me, Myra, now,
Thine icy looks too plainly tell;
I cannot bear this alter'd brow
In one whom I have lov'd so well.
The eye that once was glowing bright,
Whene'er to me its glances turn'd,
Now beams with chill and quiet light,
As if with love it ne'er had burn'd.

This heart was form'd in passion's mould,
And cannot thus at once resign
Its fondest hopes—and grow so cold,
So pulseless, passionless as thine:

I might have borne to see thee die ;
But cannot brook a death like this,
Of hopes with which my heart throbb'd high,
Of all in life that promised bliss.

They tell me that thou soon wilt wed,
That thou wilt be another's bride—
I'd rather far we both were dead,
And calmly sleeping, side by side !
Oh ! can it be our vows of yore
So soon have been forgot by thee,
When in each other's arms we swore
Eternal love—Oh ! can it be !

Away ! away ! thou'rt false as fair !
I'll rend thine image from my heart,
Too long, too fondly cherish'd there—
But now we part, forever part !
I'll seek once more the stormy main,
I'd rather trust its changeful brow,
Than list to woman's tongue again,
At least to one so false as thou !

WHERE IS HE.

"But man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" Job. xiv. 10.

And where is he—my friend in youth,
Whose heart seem'd firmly bound to mine;
Whose bosom was the throne of Truth,
Whose soul was Honour's sacred shrine?
Companions aye where'er we roved,
In childhood's hour of frolic glee,
I now in vain seek him I lov'd,
And friendship murmurs, Where is He?

We met in Learning's tranquil bowers,
Together conn'd her classic page;
And fondly deem'd that hearts like ours
Would glow the same from youth to age:

What plans we form'd ! what vows we swore
Of firm regard and constancy !
Few years are past, and as before
My bosom throbs, but Where is He ?

Our school-boy days flew swiftly by,
And manhood broke youth's flowery spell ;
We bade farewell with tearful eye,
Then paused—once more to bid farewell !
'Twas his to plead the orphan's wrong ;
My course was on the heaving sea :
Return'd at last, from wandering long,
I seek my friend—Oh ! Where is He ?

Admiring crowds no longer wait,
With rapture, on his powerful tongue ;
The eye is quench'd whose orb of late
The lightning glance of genius flung ;
And when I cry, Oh ! where art thou,
Belov'd in youth so fervently ?—
A starting tear, a sadden'd brow,
Repeat in silence, Where is He ?

His home's deserted—on its hearth
 The cheerful flames no more ascend;
Sorrow hath hush'd the voice of mirth;
 In vain I call, my friend! my friend!
Hope's cherish'd visions all are fled,
 And he I sought hath ceased to be;
An Echo wakes, as from the dead,
 And murmurs still, Oh! Where is He?

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

The rose of youth is faded,
Thy beauty's bloom is gone,
Thy voice that ne'er upbraided
Hath lost its magic tone.
But he who lov'd thee dearly
In youth's unclouded day,
His heart still beats sincerely,
His love will ne'er decay.

Old age may steal upon thee,
Each lingering grace to chill,
But ah! the worth that won me,
Will hold me captive still.

And still will rise to heaven,
For thee, my ardent prayer,
That calm may be thy even,
As life's morning hours were.

In joy, we've smiled together;
In sorrow, mingled tears;
Through bright and stormy weather,
Companions been for years:
My arm shall still protect thee,
Though feebler than in youth;
And my counsel shall direct thee,
With all its wonted truth.

Oh! think not—though the whiteness
Of age were on thy head,
And from thine eye the brightness
That beams there now were fled—
Oh! think not I'd caress thee
With a cold or altered brow!
No, my latest voice shall bless thee,
As I bless thee, dearest, now!

Thy step in youth was lighter,
 But thy heart was not more kind;
And though thine eye was brighter,
 It spoke no purer mind:
Thou art dearer now, believe me,
 Than e'er thou wert before—
Of beauty years bereave thee,
 To prove thy virtues more.

The leaves, when Autumn blusters,
 Forsake the tree and die,
But falling, show rich clusters
 Of fruitage to the eye:
Thus Time, in flying, snatches
 Thy beauty, but displays
One charm that all o'ermatches—
 A SOUL that ne'er decays.

FARE THEE WELL.

'Twere vain to speak—to breathe—to sigh—
Oh, more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from Guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that fatal word—farewell!

LORD BYRON.

Fare thee well! forever!—ever!
'Twere vain my anguish now to tell;
A truer heart will love thee never,
But fare thee well!

In distant climes, and scenes of danger,
'Twill soon be mine unknown to dwell;
I go, a homeless, hopeless ranger,
Oh! fare thee well!

Another form may bow before thee,
Another voice thy praises tell:
None, none, like me, can e'er adore thee—
But fare thee well!

I lov'd thee—but my love avail'd not
Against the poison'd tale of hell;
'Twas heard, believed, and yet bewail'd not!
Oh! fare thee well!

I go to hurl Bellona's fire,
Where roaring waves like mountains swell;
And should I in the fight expire—
Farewell! farewell!

When to the grave my corse they carry,
Will thy heart echo to my knell?
Or wilt thou not a moment tarry,
And sigh, farewell!

LINES IN AN ALBUM.

Upon this leaf's unsullied white,
My worthless name I've dared to write:
When I, perhaps, am distant far,
Mid stormy waves' tumultuous jar,
Borne o'er the wide and pathless sea,
Thou'lt read that name and think of me.
And should it cause thee but to cast
One pleasing glance upon the past,
Or waken memory's pensive sigh
For 'joys that fled too fleetly by,
And o'er the world of waters send
One wish for me, my lovely friend;
Or, when the wintry storms appear,
Arouse for me one thrill of fear;
Should I one thought of thine engage,
Then not in vain I've soil'd this page.

TO MARY.

WRITTEN DURING A PROTRACTED ILLNESS, OF WHICH IT WAS NOT EXPECTED THAT THE AUTHOR WOULD RECOVER.

Oh! wilt thou come at evening hour, to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed?

CAMPBELL.

The eye that beams when I am near,
Oh will it weep when I am gone?
The voice 'tis music now to hear,
Will it then breathe a sadder tone?
And, to my monumental stone,
When I have left this world of cares,
Will Mary come to mourn alone,
And dew my grave with memory's tears?

Yon moon, that glides aloft through heaven,
Robing the silent world in light,
Ah, well I love to gaze at even
Upon that orb so fair, so bright!

And Mary loves that glorious sight;
And oft her eyes with mine have been
To mark the beauteous Queen of Night,
O'er stream and bower pour down her sheen.

When I am mouldering in the grave,
Yon moon will beam with radiance still;
As now, will gem the playful wave,
Or sweetly light the verdant hill:
Will she whose eyes with tears would fill
As bending on that orb our view,
She vow'd, through every good and ill,
Her love would prove unchang'd and true—

Oh, will she on some night like this,
When all is silent, bright, serene,
As from yon tranquil realm of bliss,
Some guardian spirit watch'd the scene—
Oh, will she seek the lonely green,
Where this pale form must soon repose;
There o'er my grave in sorrow lean,
And weep at memory of my woes?

Yes, for a while when I am dead,
When this warm heart in dust decay,
Mary will seek my dreamless bed,
And mourn above th' unconscious clay:
But sorrow's clouds soon pass away;
And soon will joy her eye relume;
While I to gnawing worms a prey,
Shall sleep forgotten in the tomb.

'Tis sad to think how soon, from hearts
That seem to beat for us alone,
As from the fickle wave, departs
Each trace of us when we are gone!

The ivy clasps the mighty oak,
And seems to love his giant frame;
The oak is sear'd by lightning's stroke—
The ivy blooms and twines the same!
The Victor's hail'd with loud acclaim,
An flatterers say he'll live forever;
He dies—the world forgets his name—
He is—as though he had been never!

And so with me—a few short years—
Nay, months, will light the saddest brow;
Will hush the sighs, and dry the tears,
Of those who love me dearest now.

THE OFFERING OF LOVE.

These lines were written to accompany a present of a bouquet of Artificial Flowers, of the most beautiful structure, made by a young and interesting Nun, of a Convent, in the vicinity of Genoa.

The flowers that bloom on the bosom of Earth,
Though sweet in their odour, and rich in their hue,
Are emblems too fleeting of beauty and worth,
For a gift of affection, dear Mary, to you.

For you I have chosen a bouquet of flowers,
That ne'er drank a dew-drop nor glow'd in the sun;
They were form'd as the solace of wearisome hours,
In a Convent's deep shade, by an innocent Nun.

Still in beauty will bloom this fair effort of Art,
When the offspring of Flora are blighted and dead;
As a proof of my love, 'twill be dear to thy heart,
And sweet will it seem, though no fragrance it shed.

The rose that by zephyrs is breath'd into bloom,
Like the blush of the morning, will soon fade away;
Not so transient the rose of my gift in its doom,
Meet emblem of love that will never decay.

Bleak winter may come, and the tempest may lower,
Its breath spreading gloom through the garden and grove;
But the blast that disrobes ev'ry green summer bow'r,
Cannot wither a leaf of this Offering of Love.

EXTRACTS,

FROM AN ADDRESS, WRITTEN FOR A LITTLE BOY, THE CARRIER OF A VILLAGE NEWS-PAPER, JAN. 1, 1822.

" Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes!"

HORACE.

Spirit of Poesy! oh, deign to hear
A humble votary's first and ardent prayer!
Warm, with thy holy fire, thy suppliant youth,
And lend thy beauty to the cause of truth;
Thy heavenly ardor in my breast diffuse,
Nor scorn to be a little Carrier's Muse!

Since the fled year first glided into birth,
What silent changes have transform'd the earth!
How many eyes that beam'd with rapture then,
Are closed forever on the haunts of men;
And hearts that throbb'd in sorrow's aching breast,
Down to the tomb have sunk in stirless rest!

Oh, where is he whose giant arm hath hurl'd
War's horrid thunders o'er a bleeding world?
Before whose glance the wither'd nations fell,
And in whose FIAT heard Fate's changeless knell?
On Helen's Isle, lash'd by the stormy wave,
Unknown, unhonour'd stands NAPOLEON'S grave!
He whose dread cry, like trumpet-blast of doom,
Thrill'd the wide earth, sleeps in a nameless tomb!
Shame on the coward prince! that dared to kill
A fallen monarch, subject to his will!
Shame on the recreant slaves! that could obey
So vile a master, in so vile a way!
Yes, he is gone, and left a deathless name,
Blood-written on the mighty arch of Fame:
A frowning column on the waste of Time,
His memory stands forever, and sublime;
Tho' storms may howl, and earthquakes round it rock,
Unchang'd, unhurt, by nature's direst shock!
But ah! as future ages pause to read
Each high achievement, and each mighty deed,
While the eye glows, a sorrowing tear'll intrude,
That such a hero was so stain'd with blood!
From him, Ambition! learn thy certain doom,
"The paths of glory lead but to the tomb!"

If still her wreath thy temples throb to claim,
Remember Virtue is the guide to Fame!
The laurel crown which her fair priestess gives,
Unsullied blooms, and through all ages lives,
Charms ev'ry eye, and will forever shed
The sweetest incense o'er thine honoured head.

* * * * *

But hark! methinks from far Columbia's strand,
I hear the loud acclaim of Freedom's band—
Methinks I see her conquering banner fly
O'er men determined to be free or die!
Hail to the god-like cause! may it succeed,
Though in the struggle countless tyrants bleed!
Oh, may the gallant host, that nobly braves
Ten thousand dangers, rather than be slaves,
Go on, with victory flashing from their swords,
And wreak full vengeance on their haughty lords!
Genius! that didst our fathers' hearts inspire,
Oh, warm their bosoms with thy hallowed fire!
Conduct them scatheless through the din of war,
Till proud Hispania's driven from their shore.

From the wild tumult of the patriot band,
Now let us turn to view our native land;
Land of the noble, parent of the brave,
The home of Freedom, and the tyrant's grave!

Columbia! worthy of the proudest lays,
A theme well meet for highest minstrel's praise,
While mightier bards inscribe thy laurell'd name
On the wide arch of everlasting Fame,
Shall I, a carrier-boy, presume to sing
The clustering glories of thy early spring?
Yes! while this tongue can speak, or hand can write,
To the world's plaudits I will add my mite.

Land of my Sires! thy very name renews
The fainting ardour of my new-fledged Muse:
Rous'd by the sound, she turns my raptur'd eyes
To where aloft thy native Eagle flies,
The winged bearer of thy standard sheet
O'er Valor's home, and Freedom's lov'd retreat!
And thus unshackled may he ever soar,
Fearless and fear'd, above our native shore—

Till the Archangel calls each far spread clime,
And the last trumpet sounds the doom of Time!

Thus joyous youth, with ardent feelings rife,
In hope's rich dies adorn the waste of life;
But ah! they dream not that the picture's hue,
So sweetly pleasing, is delusive too;
Till sadly taught by sorrow's iron sway,
They dare not let their frolic Fancy play;
But only trust the present for the joy,
One hour may sully, and one sigh destroy.

Where are the pleasing scenes that Fancy drew,
When first the year that now hath fled was new?
And did Time ripen into real joy,
The sanguine wishes of the printer's boy?
Or did he, in his flight, neglect to throw
One gleam of sunshine o'er this waste of wo?
What! is your answer then but sighs and tears?
Mourn you the past, and dread the coming years?
Oh, turn not back where shades and darkness low'r;
Still list the syren's song, and trust the future hour.
Hark to her lay—

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" The dark tempest hath past,
" And a ray of bright sunshine beams on thee at last!
" Thy bosom shall throb now with sorrow no more,
"And thine age shall be calm, as thy youth was of yore;
" Unruffled and bright, like a still summer sea,
" And innocent pleasure thy guiding-star be;
" Oh, weep then no more, when thou think'st of the past,
" For the storm hath gone by, and the sun shines at last."

Patrons, farewell! and as Time glides along,
May he find realized Hope's syren song;
May the sweet forms her magic power pourtrays,
Grown into substance, gladden all your days!

MARY'S GRAVE.

'Twas summer eve, and I had wander'd
Where lofty trees o'erhang the wave,
That, rippling on its course, meander'd
By my Mary's early grave.
The pale moon o'er the scene presided,
And not a zephyr stirr'd the grove;
The hour, the stream that near me glided,
All brought to mind my buried love.

The last time I had wander'd hither,
Mary was warbling by my side—
Thou fairest flower! doom'd to wither
In youth and beauty's stainless pride:

I wept not o'er thy narrow dwelling,
With not one tear my cheek was wet—
But sorrow in my breast was swelling,
Voiceless and deep was my regret.

I travell'd back, on Memory's pinion,
To far-fled hours of rich delight,
Ere the wand of Grief's dominion
Had smote my heart with chilling blight;
When Mary's eyes with love were beaming,
Life's sweetest odours round us spread—
Now yonder stone, in moonlight gleaming,
Points out my Mary's bridal bed!

Death came to ravish all her sweetness,
While I was on the ocean wave;
Our bark returning home with fleetness,
I sought my love—and found her grave!
And though her soul hath flown to heaven,
In grief my heart is shrouded yet;
The flower is gone that love had given—
The brightest star of life is set!

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STANZAS.

———Nec me meminisse pigebit Elissæ,
Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus,
VIRG. ÆNEI. lib. 4

I lov'd thee ere I knew thy worth—
There was a sweetness in thy smile,
That breath'd of heaven more than earth,
And told thy bosom void of guile.

There was a brightness in thine eye,
A ray that beam'd from mind alone;
Upon thy cheek the rose's die,
And in thy voice affection's tone.

I lov'd thee—could I else but love?
For thou wert beauteous, as the forms
Which thwart our youthful visions move,
Ere we have felt life's blighting storms.

I lov'd thee—did I ever give
 One moment's pang to thy pure breast?
For thee alone I wish'd to live,
 And with thee was—oh! more than blest!

I saw thee die—I did not weep
 Above thy cold, thy timeless bier;
But then awoke, what will not sleep,
 The anguish that is raging here!

Few are the tears that I have shed,
 And few the words of sorrow spoken;
But I have suffer'd, in their stead,
 The throbbings of a heart that's broken.

Years have gone by, and still I bear
 The blighted life that will not cease;
My heart still beats, but on it ne'er
 Will beam again the light of peace.

Life is to me a weary waste;
 Its sun hath sunk, its verdure fled:
The loveliest vision—but, tis past!—
 The spell's dissolved—Eliza's dead!

The grave—the grave, where thou art laid,
Is now my sole, my earnest prayer:
Oh that this feverish frame would fade—
This aching head were resting there.

"LET'S DRAIN THE GOBLET DRY."

"Can sorrow from the goblet flow?"

MOORE.

We three have met together,
Though the tempest rages high;
We heed not wind nor weather—
Let's drain the goblet dry!

While others yield to sorrow,
And heave the ready sigh,
We joy from wine will borrow—
Let's drain the goblet dry!

Why should we give to sadness
The moments as they fly?
I deem it worse than madness—
Let's drain the goblet dry!

Hold!—can you then no anguish
In ruby wine descry?
In pain how many languish,
Who drain the goblet dry!

Think of life's closing hour,
Think how you'll bear to die;
Then, if you have the power,
Let's drain the goblet dry!

THE MOON.

" Hic canit errantem Lunam."

ÆNEI. 1.

The moon sail'd on through the cloudless night,
A silver bark in seas of air;
As she moved along on her errand bright,
To Fancy she seemed a sweet spirit of light,
By the Father sent to wander there,
That her lamp might cheer the seaman's sight,
As he ploughs along o'er the foaming ocean;
And teach him there's One, whose arm of might
Can rouse, or can lull the dark billows commotion

The black tempest that late so frowingly threw
Its robe of clouds around her form,
But veil'd her splendour awhile from our view—
And still did that spirit her bright course pursue,
Beaming sweetly on worlds beyond the storm:

Now again she pours down her silvery hue,
On the ocean that round us is flashing brightly,
Till, pellucid and glassy, we almost see through
The little blue waves, that dance so lightly.

And thus, on hearts, in youth's sorrowless years,
The star of Hope pours down its ray—
But soon the young bosom is clouded with fears,
And pleasure abandons the bright eye to tears,
As the radiance of Hope fades in darkness away:
But her star is still beaming on happier spheres,
Where no sorrow can enter, nor aught molest;
And he that his bark o'er the waves of life steers
By the pole-star of Faith, in that haven shall rest.

THE FAMISHED BIRD.

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.
ÆNEI. lib. 1.

The following lines were occasioned by the death of a little bird, that was blown off to sea, from the Island of Elba, in a storm; and died, in consequence of fatigue and famine, a few minutes after alighting on the deck of our Ship.

Thou little lost one! victim of the storm!
Thy tired wings bend hither—rest thee here!
Famine hath prey'd upon thy beauteous form,
And thou art wet with ocean's briny tear.

Why didst thou leave yon verdant Isle afar,
Amid whose bowers thy warbling days were past?
Why didst thou tempt the elemental jar,
And strain thy pinions 'gainst the northern blast?

No needle told thee where to guide thy flight;
No sheltering tree was on the heaving main:
But onward driven through the murky night,
To rest thee, or return, thou strov'st in vain!

But rest thee here, thou weary wander, rest!
Our bark shall bear thee to a clime as fair;
Again thy song shall speak the blythsome breast,
As high thou cleavest through the morning air.

Ah no!—too long the tempest's chilly breath
Hath borne thee on mid ocean's angry roar;
Famine, hath closed thy little eyes in death—
Thy form is cold—thy minstrelsy is o'er!

That fragile flower must soon decay,
And on the cold earth lie;
Frail child of morning's sunny ray,
Like Mary, born to die!
But not like her shall it revive
In renovated bloom,
Through all eternity to live,
Triumphant o'er the tomb.

God! thou hast given a promise blest
To soothe the mourner here;
To yield the heavy-laden rest,
And dry the trickling tear:
Guided by that we well may stem
Awhile life's stormy wave;
Thy Word—the Star of Bethlehem,
Sheds light beyond the grave!

LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY WHO WAS DROWNED IN THE OHIO RIVER.

While the rose on thy cheek was in ruddiest bloom,
And pleasure beam'd bright in thine eye—
While the whispers of Hope promised rapture to come,
Thou wert summon'd, Eliza, to die!

Didst thou die on thy couch, wet with love's holy tear?
By the hand of disease didst thou fall?
Did kindred and weeping friends throng round thy bier,
And shroud thee in death's sable pall?

Alas! there was no one to mourn o'er thine end,
Or consign thy pale form to the grave;
Afar from thine home and each dearly lov'd friend,
Thou didst perish, poor girl, on the wave!

The Ohio's dark billows roll over thy corse ;
Thou art gone in thy youth's fairest bloom ;
And the murmur of waters, wild, mournful and hoarse,
Sound, to Fancy, a dirge o'er thy doom.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE ISLAND OF ELBA.

1

The heart that feels as I have felt,
 When forced from kindred hearts to sever,
The idol-home where youth has dwelt,
 To leave—and leave, perchance, forever;
Although no sigh may tell its wo,
Will throb with sorrow's deepest throe.

2

A father's burning hand I wrung;
 I kiss'd a mother's pallid cheek;
But not a word escaped my tongue—
 I felt too much—too much to speak!
That parting hour, that sad adieu,
Worlds would not tempt me to renew.

9

I've left my land—I've left thy grave;
All that I love in life or death:
Why am I o'er the heaving wave?
What seek I here?—Fame's fleeting breath?
Oh! what is glory but a name!
This Isle might teach how poor is Fame—

10

The prison-isle of him whose glance
Sent awe throughout the world around;
Who o'er the brow of fallen France
A sun-bright wreath of glory bound,
A coronal of crowns—each gem
Some conquer'd nation's diadem!

11

Come hither, peasant! tell me, where
Is he who dwelt in yonder vale?
"Signor, I neither know nor care;
"He came—he's gone: though short the tale,
"'Tis all I have to tell"——He came—
He's gone! oh yes! this, this is Fame!

LINES,

WRITTEN BENEATH A DILAPIDATED TOWER, YET STANDING AMONG THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

1

Thou mouldering Pile, that hast withstood
The silent lapse of many ages,
The earthquake's shock, the storm, the flood—
Around whose base the ocean rages,
Who rear'd thy walls, that proudly brave
The tempest, battle, and the wave?

2

Was it beneath thy ample dome
That Marius rested, and from thee,
When he had lost imperial Rome,
Learn'd high resolve and constancy?
Thou seem'st to mock the power of fate,
And well might'st teach the lesson to be great.

3

Perhaps this vaulted arch hath rung
 Of yore with laughter's loudest shout,
While Beauty round her glances flung
 To cheer some monarch's wassail rout:
But mirth and beauty long have fled
From this lone "city of the dead!"

4

Where busy thousands oft have trod
 Beneath thy mouldering marble brow,
Wild moss-grown fragments press the sod—
 Around thee all is silence now!
And thus the breath of foul Decay,
Shall melt at last thy form away!

5

Thou desolate, deserted Pile!
 Lone vestige of departed glory,
Sadly in ruin thou seem'st to smile,
 While baffled Time flies frowning o'er thee,
As if resolved the tale to tell
Where Carthage stood, and how it fell!

6

Mid ruin'd walls thou stand'st alone;
Around thee strewn, may yet be seen
The broken column, sculptur'd stone,
And relics sad of what hath been—
But thou alone surviv'st the fall,
Defying Time, the leveller of all!

STANZAS.

Oh Lady! thou hast touch'd a chord
I vainly hoped would ne'er more thrill;
Alas! I find a whisper'd word
May call me back to anguish still!
The lay that trembled from thy tongue
Hath waken'd shadows of the past,
When pleasure o'er my pathway flung
Hues far too sweet—too bright to last.
When first I heard that tuneful lay
'Twas breathed from one I lov'd too well—
And though in dust that form decay,
Her love, her woes, in memory dwell.
I madly thought I'd school'd my heart
To bear, without betraying pain;
But, ah! so like to her thou art,
Thou prov'st my efforts all in vain!

The smile she wore when first we met,
 The tear she shed when last we parted,
These thou forbidd'st me to forget—
 And all that made me broken hearted!
Eliza! thou art laid to rest,
 In virgin prime, in youthful bloom,
Within the cold earth's silent breast—
 While I am in a living tomb!
Yes, yes, I live, if life this be,
 But what to me is sickly breath?
Each voiceless object speaks of thee,
 And tells me thou art cold in death!
Lost maiden! in the silent hour
 When slumber twines her opiate chain,
Then, then, remembrance hath the power
 To call thy form to view again—
And when I wake, I wake to sigh,
 That one so fondly lov'd should fade;
Oh, why did'st thou so early die!—
 Or why was I not with thee laid!

TO LOUISA.

Louisa! dost thou hear in heaven
 Thy brother's prayer address'd to thee?
Oh, are thy suppliant efforts given
 Before th' Eternal throne for me?
Could I be sure we yet will meet,
 When in the grave this frame shall rest,
My heart would not with anguish beat,
 As now, within this aching breast.

When thou wert on a bed of pain,
 And death was darkening o'er thy brow,
Then rose that fever of the brain—
 I felt it then—I feel it now—
The deep, the voiceless grief that wastes
 The heart by slow but sure decay;
Which nothing stays, nor nothing hastes,
 No time can quench, no scene allay.

Oh! o'er my soul what horror came—
Can I forget that moment?—never!
When thou didst strive to call my name,
And found thy voice was hush'd forever!
A crowd of friends were gather'd round thee,
And tears burst forth from every eye,
Despite their efforts not to wound thee—
But thou wert not afraid to die!

Life was to thee a wilderness,
By not one ray of comfort lighted:
The past presented but distress;
The future seem'd as drear and blighted:
Long years of wo had worn thy form;
Thy path had been a cheerless one,
Devoid of flowers, clad in storm—
Thou well might'st wish thy journey done.

Those infant germs, that in thy bosom
Awoke the mother's anxious sigh,
Were doomed to fall in early blossom—
Thy aching eyes beheld them die!

Upon thy name there was no stain,
 Nor aught in death to cause a fear;
Dark portal from a world of pain,
 To heaven's eternal, happy sphere.

I gazed upon thy mute, pale lip,
 As vainly thou didst strive to speak;
I wept not then—I could not weep—
 But oh! I thought my heart would break!
The hue of death stole slowly o'er thee,
 Its glassy light was in thine eye—
From the sad scene at length I tore me,
 I could not bear to see thee die!

Though thou art now in yon blue heaven,
 A bright one in a world of bliss,
Yet still with grief my heart is riven—
 Thou'st left an aching void in this.
I cannot wish thee back to earth
 To heave its sigh, and shed its tear—
But I who knew, and lov'd thy worth,
 Must mourn the waste that's left me here.

High on the Alps where now I stand,
I turn my eyes across the wave,
In fancy view my native land,
In fancy visit thy lone grave:
Thy form decays beneath the sod,
By prairie wild-flowers sweetly drest—
Thy soul is with its Maker, God,
In yon pure realm forever blest!

"THERE IS A VOICE."

1

There is a voice in the silent night
That whispers in my dreaming ear
Such thrilling accents of delight,
That, oh! when morning's beams appear,
I hate the dawn, for it breaks the spell,
And hushes the voice I lov'd so well.

2

There is an eye in the darkest hour
That ever twined the bands of sleep,
Still watching me with guardian power,
And when I wake, I wake to weep;
For no longer then it beams on me,
A wanderer o'er the dark blue sea.

3

The form that hovers around my pillow,
When slumber lulls this aching head,
In my native land, far over the billow,
Hath long been mouldering with the dead:
And the wand of sleep can alone restore
The perish'd one, so lov'd of yore.

4

Louisa! though on ocean's breast,
Far from my land, and from the grave,
Where, early called, thy relics rest,
'Tis mine to wander o'er the wave,
Yet oft in dreams I seek that spot—
Lost one! thou ne'er canst be forgot!

5

Oh! who shall bind the chainless mind?
Oh! who shall curb the spirit's soar?
He who can still the raving wind
And hush the ocean's angry roar,
His hand alone from my breast can tear
Thy image, fondly cherish'd there.

LAMENT

OF A MOTHER FOR THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.

A dew-drop on a wither'd leaf,
As bright, as lovely, and as brief,
Thy being was—thou camest from heaven,
Like dew-drops on the car of even;
Where blush'd the morning's early ray,
Thou, beauteous one, wert pass'd away!
If thou hadst liv'd, thou fragile flower,
To soothe me in mine hour of wo,
Oh! not as now would grief have power
To rend this aching bosom so!
I fondly hoped that thou would'st be
All that thy sire was erst to me;
But thou art dead, beloved, and I
Care not how soon with thee I lie;—
The grave indeed were a welcome bed,
For this throbbing heart, and this aching head.

The beam that lights the crystal tear
 Which glistens on the woodland rose,
Ere yet dissolv'd to viewless air,
 Upward again to heaven it goes—
Pure as that beam, that tear, my child,
 Wert thou, when last thou look'dst on me,
And thy pale lips so sweetly smiled,
 As if Death wore no frown for thee:
And then—(Oh God! why hast thou dealt
 Such anguish to the widow's breast?)
While mutely by thy couch I knelt,
 And thy cold cheek to mine was prest,
Without a sigh, without a groan,
Thy spirit fled—my son! my son!

Thou art in yonder heaven now,
 A cherub near th' Eternal's throne—
Oh! teach my heart to bear the blow
 That leaves me here on earth alone!
I should not weep—but tears will flow,
 Whene'er my thoughts are backward cast;
That thou art bless'd I know—I know—
 But ah! I can't forget the past!

I can't forget that I'm bereft
 Of all that form'd my solace here;
Naught, naught, in life, to me is left
 But frenzy's dream, and memory's tear!

Come, on the wings of slumber, come,
 Thou bright one! from thy place of rest!
Descend from thine eternal home,
 Again to soothe thy mother's breast!—
Dispel these clouds of doubt and gloom
 That gather round the mourner's brow;
Tell her of hope beyond the tomb—
 Oh, be her guardian angel now!

I'll not provoke thy wrath, my God!
 By murmuring at thy righteous will;
I strive to kiss the chastening rod,
 But nature speaks in anguish still:
These rending sobs I cannot hush—
 These burning tears I cannot smother;
There is a voice in every gush
 Proclaims I am—no! was—a mother!

Death! thou hast quench'd the only beam
That glimmer'd on life's stormy wave;
Thou'st left me childless on the stream
That rushes darkly to the grave;
Yet, yet, I triumph o'er thee, Death,
And rise above thy poor control!
Thy touch may chill the ebbing breath—
Thou canst not quell th' immortal soul!
And while the tempest round me rages,
I know there's rest, at last, in heaven;
My faith is on the Rock of Ages,
The glorious Promise God hath given.

ON A LOCK OF HAIR.

And is this all remains of thee
I lov'd in youth so well?
Of all the charms that threw o'er me
Affection's sweetest spell—
The eye that beam'd with light of mind,
The heart so warm and so refined,
This only left to tell?
Yet well does it recall again
The form belov'd, alas! in vain.

Sad relick! but few months are fled
Since thou didst grace the brow
Of her, who in Death's marble bed
Is coldly sleeping now:

And when I left my native home
O'er ocean's pathless waste to roam,
With many a whisper'd vow,
Did she this raven tress confer,
And call'd thee "Love's Remembrancer."

I placed thee next my throbbing heart,
Where soon I hoped to fold
The maid, of whom alone thou art
All I can e'er behold!
And often, on the moonlight sea,
I've stol'n a glance of love at thee,
While pleasure's tear-drop roll'd,
As thinking, "o'er the dashing tide,
Soon, soon, I'll wend to claim my bride."

At last our bark return'd once more
O'er ocean's heaving breast;
And on my own, my native shore,
My thrilling footsteps press'd:
With breathless haste I sought the form
That, day and night, through calm and storm,
Had been my bosom's guest—
I sought—but ah! the grave had closed
Above that form in death reposed.

Dear gift! when now thou meet'st my gaze
What burning thoughts arise!
Oh how the soul of other days,
Comes gushing from mine eyes!
I do not weep o'er pleasures fled;
I do not mourn the lov'd one dead;—
But when remembrance flies
Back o'er the scenes of early years,
In vain would I suppress my tears!

I weep—yet scarce know why I weep,
For I would not recall
That being from her dreamless sleep—
I would not lift the pall
That shrouds her cold and pulseless breast—
No! if a word could break her rest,
And give back life, love, all
That erst made life so bright, so dear,
I could not—could not wish her here!

Now let the tempest pour its wrath
On my devoted head!
The clouds that lower upon my path,
Cannot disturb the dead:

And oh ! 'tis something still to know,
Howe'er mine eyes with anguish flow,
 No tears can e'er be shed
By her, who snatch'd in loveliest bloom,
Lies mouldering in an early tomb.

Life's burthen I have learn'd to bear,
 But I would bear alone,
Nor have one other heart to share
 The pangs that rend my own :
Yes, yes, lov'd pledge ! when now my view
Is fix'd upon thy raven hue,
 It softens sorrow's moan
To know—whate'er 'tis mine to brave,
Affliction cannot pierce the grave !

ADDRESS

OF THE DESERTED MAIDEN TO HER LOVER.

Go! go! thou hast forgotten all
 Thine early vows, so false, so vain!
Thy faithless love I'd not recall,
 Could one word make thee mine again!

I lov'd thee with the fondest zeal
 That ever warm'd a youthful heart;
And still my prayer is for thy weal,
 Although so chang'd, so cold thou art.

While in the gilded halls of wealth
 'Twas mine to move, thou lov'dst me well—
Or seem'd to love—but, ah! the breath
 Of sorrow hath dissolv'd the spell.

Thou told'st me that my cheek was fair,
And praised my tresses' auburn hue;
But 'twas the gems that glitter'd there
Alone had magic for thy view.

And now the eye that always burn'd
So warmly when it glanc'd on me,
At my approach away is turn'd—
I would not thus have treated thee!

Go! go! thou hast forgotten all
Thine early vows, so false, so vain!
Thy faithless love I'd not recall,
Could one word make thee mine again!

I lov'd with such devotedness
That I had been as fondly thine
Through shame, and sorrow, and distress,
As thou, while fortune smil'd, seem'd mine.

I would have been the perfumed air
That breathes upon the rose's bed,
And still will fondly linger there
When bloom and beauty—all are fled.

I would have been the ivy wreath
That twines around some rifted tree;
And, like the ivy, even in death
Have clung to thee, to only thee.

But thou hast rudely bid depart
The form that knelt before thy shrine;
Thy hand hath torn away the heart
Whose every nerve was knit with thine.

Go! go! thou hast forgotten all
Thine early vows, so false, so vain!
Thy faithless love I'd not recall,
Could one word make thee mine again!

TO MY MOTHER.

Could the pinions of Fancy, oh, really bear,
So swiftly and surely, our forms through the air,
As nightly they seem in my slumber to do,
How soon, my dear mother, they'd waft me to you!

But fancy, alas! hath no power like this,
Though her wand often calls up the shadows of bliss;
And oft, by the aid of her magic, I seem
In the land that I only can visit in dream.

Between us, dear parent, a blue ocean rolls—
But though pathless and stormy, it severs not souls;
And whene'er I recline in my hammock to rest,
I see thee in visions—those visions are blest!

The day fast approaches when o'er the wild sea
Will the Rover return to his country, and thee,
And each tear-drop be dried in a sun-burst of joy,
As thou fold'st to thy bosom the wanderer-boy.

When my foot shall again tread the land of my birth,
The loveliest, the bravest, the best on the earth,
When my hand in the grasp of affection is wrung,
And the voice of sweet welcome is heard on each
tongue—

Oh! think ye not then that my heart will throb high
With that voiceless delight, which illumines the eye,
Which is breathed in the sigh, and is shed in the tear,
But which words have no power to pour on the ear?

Yes, yes! when the scenes of my childhood again,
Like a shadow afar, fringe the verge of the main,
Forgotten the past in the bliss of return—
With the richest of rapture my bosom will burn!

NOTES.



NOTES.

BEAUTY IN TEARS.

The little poem under the above title, was suggested by the following, which I saw in a fragment of an old "DUBLIN EXAMINER," several years ago.

BEAUTY IN SMILES.

Oh, weep not, sweet maid! tho' the bright tear of Beauty
To kindred emotion each feeling beguiles;
For the softness of sorrow no magic can borrow
To vie with the splendor of Beauty in Smiles!

Man roves through creation a wandering stranger,
A dupe to its follies, a slave to its toils:
But bright o'er the billows of doubt and of danger,
The rainbow of promise is Beauty in Smiles!

As the rays of the sun o'er the bosom of nature
Renew every flower which the tempest despoils—
So joy's faded blossoms, in man's aching bosom,
Revive in the sunshine of Beauty in Smiles!

The crown of the hero, the star of the rover,
The hope that inspires, and the spell that beguiles—
The song of the poet, the dream of the lover,
The infidel's heaven is—Beauty in Smiles!

Page 82.

An echo wakes, as from the dead,
And murmurs still, Oh! Where is He?

This idea is much more forcibly expressed in the following passage from an Arabic MS. which suggested it:—"I came to the place of my birth, and I said—The friends of my youth, where are they? An echo answered—Where are they?" Lord Byron acknowledges himself to have been indebted to the same source for those beautiful lines in the "Bride of Abydos,"—

"Hark! to the hurried question of despair:
"Where is my child?—An echo answers—"Where?"

Page 120.

"Signor, I neither know nor care;
"He came—he's gone: though short the tale,
"'Tis all I have to tell,"——

In August, 1824, the U. S. Ship ———, to which I was then attached, was lying in Port Ferrajo, Island of Elba, and in sight of the house which had been occupied by Bonaparte during his exile to this island.—The last stanza of the effusion to which this note refers, was occasioned by the actual reply of a peasant, on being asked what had become of the illustrious prisoner.—"Dicano ch'e morto;—tutto che so io e che veniva qua ed e andato via." This peasant lived, and always had lived at a distance of certainly not more than two miles from the above-mentioned house. Well does Gray sing—

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"









